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IS THIS A DAGGER WHICH I SEE BEFORE ME?

THE TOILS GATHERING ABOUT OUR CORRESPONDENT.

HIGH LIFE IN LONDON!!

DO EXTREMES MEET?

LONDON, April 30th, 1883.



HERE I am in the full swim of London life. When I last wrote you I was in St. Quentin, looking aghast at the box and dagger which that toothless creature had given me.

Laden with the money so unexpectedly advanced to me, I sought my landlord and called for my bill. He handed it to me wound upon a roller. It was as long as Leporello's account

of his master's *bonnes fortunes*. The rascal charged me for undrunk champagne (which was more exasperating than being charged with "unkissed kisses"); for candles enough to have taken my soul comfortably through Purgatory; for cabs, cigars, drinks and service. Never since the palmy deeds of the Tweed ring had such a bill been devised. I paid it, and shook the dust of St. Quentin from my feet.

Life here is very charming, though ever and anon that dagger comes before my eyes, and when I am exchanging badinage with a Duchess or setting a Prince's table in a roar, a cold shiver runs down my back; the flow of wit ceases as if the faucet had been turned off by a remorseless hand, Sydney Smith is transformed

into *Cædipus the Tyrant*, to the consternation of the people at dinner. This evening, at a small dinner at the Duke of Dumpshires, we were laughing over Lady Florence Dixie's adventure, when Lady Mount Ararat (Her husband, by the way, is now playing in "*Iolanthe*" in America. There is madness in the family; he *would* go on the stage, though he can neither act nor sing), one of the most charming women in London, said, looking straight at and through me with her beautiful eyes:

"Dear me! I can imagine nothing more terrible than to be slashed with a dagger! With such a one as this, for instance!" she added, as she drew a little dagger from her hair, and handed it to me.

The dagger was exactly like the one which I found in the head of my bed at St. Quentin. Around its hilt the same malevolent serpent twisted through the eye of the same grinning skull.

"But the poor Czar; to be blown up with dynamite! That was terrible!" gasped the Duchess.

"I wonder what the Nihilists have in store for the coronation of the present Czar?" naïvely inquired Lady Mount Ararat, still looking at and through me. "There will be absolutely no chance of the assassin escaping with his life!"

"Not the slightest," lisped the Honorable Percy Amarynth. "Yet there is no doubt but that the man is chosen, and that he is at this moment planning in what manner he is to do the deed!"

"If he weakens in his purpose he is a dead man," slowly muttered the old Duke.

Every one seemed to be looking at me; the ladies arose to leave the room.

When I sat down, after the last skirt had swept from the room, I perceived that the dagger affixed Lady Mount Ararat's dinner card to the table, and that on the card was scribbled "*To Russia immediately!*"

I instinctively filled a goblet with port of the vintage of 1812, and drained it at a swallow. The Duke looked at me aghast, and I saw that I had forfeited his esteem. The other men sipped the priceless wine drop by drop as if to reproach me.

But the Honorable Percy Amarynth came over towards me as the footman offered me a cigarette and a lighted candle.

"You will supply the lung-power!" he said, with a smile, and with a toothless smile, which I had seen before, and in the gloomy inn-parlor at St. Quentin!

I excused myself to the Duke; tottered to a cab and drove to my lodgings.

I have just sent by my valet to Amarynth the sum which he advanced to me at St. Quentin, with six per cent. interest up to date.

You see I am writing to you with a type-writer. I cannot hold a pen. The toils are gathering around me. I have put the bureau against the door, and shall soon go to bed. To bed! oh, the sarcasm, to me, of the usually comfortable word!

OYSTERS are still good. Hip, hip, a raw!

THE Khan of Tartary wants to visit America, but Khan't.

MANY patients at our best hospitals receive gruel treatment.

WHEN the poet alludes to "April's sweet smiles" he means mint juleps.

A "LOAN WIDDER"—the relict of the late Mr. Blumenstein, who still conducts his business.

IRISH CHEMIST: No. Glycerine smuggled into harbor under cover of darkness is not night row glycerine.

A GOOD title for a novel is hard to procure. Julian Hawthorne's last is "Dust." It is so much sweeter than "Git!"

THE trouble with Mr. Carter Harrison of Chicago seems to be a difficulty of keeping his mouth shut and his ears hid.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.—Just what ails brother Talmage. Is this thing getting to be epidemic?

RED DOG, Arizona, is getting civilized. A coroner was appointed last month, and next morning he impanelled a jury to view the most recent corpse. The following was the verdict: "We, the jurey, dooly swore, find that diseased kem ter his deth by the juj-mint off Godd, fer hevin kawled Bil Jaxon a lier."

PARVULUS Jack Horner
Sedebat in corner
Edens a Christmas pie.
Inseruit thumb,
Et extraherit plum,
Clamans "Quid sharp puer am I!"

AT a recent Southern camp meeting the eloquent divine said: "The wheels of the righteous shriek and groan as they toil up the hill of salvation and over the ruts of temptation and the bridge of damnation, and have to scrowdge pretty lively to get up at all; but the sinner, with greased wheels and flying colors, slips down to tarnation like a dose of oil, with a rip and a whizz, and raises no dust whatever." Now who says oratory is a lost art?

THE *London Globe* is remarkable for coherency. Speaking of a tree in Berlin, it says: "Recently the seventeenth body of the seventeenth suicide was cut down from its branches." Great Scott! Suppose the seventeenth suicide's twenty-ninth body had been found there!

A FABLE FOR THE BRAVE.

A FLY, observing one day a sheep running with great rapidity from a forest, enquired:

"What is the matter, my friend?"

"Matter enough!" panted the Sheep, "Dear Fly, in yonder wood there is a Lion!"

"Really? and what of that?" returned the Fly.

"Surely, you are not afraid of a Lion?"

"And do you indeed not fear him?" gasped the sheep.

"Certainly not; to prove it, I will myself enter the wood."

The Fly hurried away, and returning after some time, continued:

"You are right, my friend; he is there; but really there is no occasion for fear. I conversed with him for some minutes, and I even flatter myself that it was I who annoyed him. Pray, do not be so timid!"

At this moment a spider, who had just completed her web near by, appeared suddenly on the scene. The Fly turned pale, and, without warning, fainted quite away. The Spider, seizing him, bore him into her web, whence he never re-appeared!

"Alas! my friend," sighed the Sheep, as he walked quietly away, "It is not so much what you are afraid of, as it is the being afraid!"



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He (to his fiancée): I SAY, JULIA, OLD GIRL, HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THIS?

She (who hates to have people talk to her when she is reading): NO.

He: WHAT! NOT SEEN THIS SWEET THING IN CHINA.

She (with enthusiasm): OH! IN CHINA? WHAT IS IT?

He: SUGAR. [*She breaks the engagement.*]

OUR POETRY.

THE bulk of our mail is poetry. Bliff, the office boy, brings it in, nine bagsful at a time. He then sorts it. Bliff is chain lightning on sorting poetry—is Bliff. There are six large crates ranged around Bliff's seat. One is labelled "Spring," another "Love," another "Obituary," two more "My Baby Brother" and "Moonlight." The last, which is larger, glares in red letters with "Can't Say." Bliff never makes a mistake. A spring poem never goes into the baby box. Love melodies and obituary insanities are invariably sorted rightly. Ravings upon moonlight are never put in the "Can't Say" crate. That is devoted solely to such lyrics as impress Bliff with the idea the author himself didn't know what he was writing about.

Bliff then "averages" them. He mixes up the contents of each box with a broomstick. Then he

yanks up the office cat by the tail, and lowers her into the box until she can just reach the envelopes. Whichever poem she claws up is accepted as the lucky one to go before the Editor of Politics and Poetry, who is bald-headed, and doesn't like to read much. Bliff caught this idea from seeing raffles drawn at Coney Island. He knows that his own selection would not be so impartial as that of the cat. He is right.

Six poems being fished out by this process, Bliff and the cat skirmish for something to eat and then the boy carts away the unlucky verses and sells them to the waste-paper man for sixty-five cents a crate, and invests the proceeds in sandwiches, blue cravats and cigarettes. By-and-bye, he says, he will buy the cat a brass collar with his name on to it.

ENGLAND, on seeing O'Donovan Rossa's boat: "Now comes the tug of war."

THE MEDICINAL WAR.

THIS row among the doctors is at once unusual and unfortunate. Doctors have hitherto been so peaceably disposed towards each other, so ready to yield to each other's opinions, and so eager to consult those whose creeds were different, that the present agitation is a complete surprise. If the new code goes



DR. PODOPHYLLIN.



DR. TAFTEE.

into effect this will be the result. Doctor Podophyllin, the Allopath, who believes that a pound of calomel and two gallons of castor oil are only a mild starter, and that stewed podophyllin, prussic acid soup and iodide of potassium gravy are the only articles of food an invalid requires, will have to call in Doctor Taffee, the Homœopath, in whose opinion the one-millionth of a grain of citrate of beef is almost too powerful a tonic to use. If by the mutual consultation of these two the patient doesn't improve, and he isn't likely to, why, they will call in Doctor



DR. CHILLEM.

Chillem, the Hydropath, who will put the sick man in an ice pack, soak his head, and give him a gallon of diluted water every four minutes until relieved. After this, they will either summon the undertaker or Doctor



DR. TWISTEMUP.

Twistemup, the Electropath, who will put the invalid through a series of ingenious contortions, and completely riddle him with thunderbolts and agony, with a view to shaming the disease into acknowledging that it cannot cause any pain worth mentioning.

Next will be summoned in a great hurry, Doctor Mixer, the Eclectic, who will administer to the happy sufferer a course of complicated sprouts of

read a psalm, throw a back somersault and read two verses from St. Paul and bid the sick man arise. If the sick man doesn't or can't, every one present will give him a pill, clap on a plaster, douse him or shock him out of his senses, and *then* the coroner will come.

This will be living in the true spirit of harmony and professional brotherhood. But what will become of the patient?

In the good old days of saddle-bags, leeches and setons, consultations were never fashionable, and people lived to a more advanced age than they do now.

Doctors were all of one school—and when they went to the patient's funeral they bore malice towards no one, unless the widow had inadvertently forgotten to pay the bill, which, of course, made trouble. Now all will be chaos. If the sufferer's constitution enables him to stand the strain of a joint treatment, each pill-mixer will swear that it was his own particular prescription that did the business, and will, of course, expect double pay for the same. If the patient dies, each will swear that it was the other that killed him, and then the police will have to get in some very fine and prompt work to prevent trouble. There is only one way out of this. If a joint consultation is insisted on, let but one doctor's bill be allowed, and make him share it with the rest—that is, if the patient survives the ordeal. If he dies—hang *all* the doctors.

H. G. C.

WHEN YOU MEET ME.

WHEN you meet me, lift your hat,
There is courtesy in that,
And the fair expression, too,
Of respect that is my due.
He who lamely taps the rim
Of his hat—I answer him
With a stare—of scorn, at that.
When you meet me, lift your hat.

When you meet me, lift your hat.
How insipid, stale and flat
Seems "Good Morning" from a man
With a head like his rattan,—
For I always apprehend
Who thus greets a lady friend
Is a "stick"—and bald, at that!
When you meet me, lift your hat.

J. W. R.



DR. MIXER.



DR. BUNKUM.

GOOD PHILOSOPHY.

DOWN in the meadow the grass was green
And buds were red on the maple tree,
And far to the south we saw the sheen
Of the luminous, purple sea :
We stood alone in the mossy porch,
Of the ancient house that was her home ;
And the sun shone like a golden torch,
Where the clouds were white as foam

Ah, but we spooned in the mellow glow,
For her red, ripe lips were warm and sweet,
And words were easy to say, you know,
And the hours were very fleet :
And vows were made as the sun went down,
And feet would linger, despite old time,
And the lonely way that led to town,
When the curfew bell should chime.

And her name, what was it, Maud or May ?
For the grass is green, the maple red,
And a long, long year has fled away
Since those sweet vows were said.
Her husband and she are lately gone
To Paris, or Moscow, what matter which ?
For my name, you see, is simply John,
And he's Count Stephanlasitch.

I know that her face was sweet and fair,
That her lips were red like cherries are,
That the sun made gold amid her hair,
And her eyes shone like a star.
But unless I err, the meadow path
Holds just as dainty a maid as she ;
And why should I nurse despair and wrath,
When a new love waits for me ?

THOS. S. COLLIER.



Jones (a wealthy prohibitionist, who is giving a dinner to Parcher on strictly temperance principles): JOHN, IT IS VERY CLOSE IN HERE. CAN'T YOU OPEN SOMETHING ?

Parcher (with eagerness): YES! THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! OPEN A BOTTLE.

JUDKINS' BOY.



HACKMENS has the softest thing in the bizness ! They haint got nothin' to do but look hump-shouldered and chaw tobacker and wait. Hackmens all looks like detectives, and keeps still, and never even spits when you walk past 'em. And they're allus cold. A hackman that stands high in the p'fession can wear a overcoat in dog days, and then look chilly and like his folks was all dead but the old man, and he was a drunkard. Ef a hackman would only be a blind fiddler he'd take in more money than a fair ground! Hackmens never gives nothin' away. You can trust a hackman when you can't

trust your own mother. Some people thinks when they hire a hack to take 'em some place that the hackman has got some old grudge agin 'em—but he haint—he's allus thataway. He loves you, but he knows his place, and smothers his real feelings. In life's giddy scenes hackmens all wears a mask ; but down deep in their heart you can bet they are youm till deth ! Some hackmens looks like they was stuck up, but they aint—it's only 'cause they got on so much clothes. Onc't a hackman was stabbed by a friend of his in the same bizness, and when the doctors was seein' how bad he was karved up, they found he had on five shirts.

They said that was all that saved his life. They said ef he'd only had on four shirts he'd a been a dead man. And the hackman hissef, when he got well, used to brag it was the clos'test call ever he had, and laid for the other hackman, and hit him with a car couplin' and killed him, and come mighty nigh goin' to the penitenchary fer it ! Influenshal friends was all that saved him that time ! No five shirts would a done it ! The mayor said that when he let him off, and brought down the house, and made hissef a strong man fer another term. Some mayors is purty slick, but a humble hackman may sometimes turn out to be just as smooth ! The only thing why a hackman don't show up no better is 'cause he loses so much sleep. That's why he allus looks like he had the headache, and didn't care if he did. Onc't a hackman was waitin' in front of a hotel one morning, and was sorto dozin' like, and fell off his seat. And they run and picked him up, and he was unconshus ; and they worked with him till 'way long in the afternoon 'fore they found out he was jist asleep ; and he cussed fearful 'cause they waked him up, and wondered why people couldn't never 'tend to their own bizness like he did.

It seems to us, the circumstances of last Friday all considered, that to be a Democrat is somewhat unlucky in White Plains, New Jersey. The White Plainers seem to appreciate Democrats.

IS THE chief of the Apache Indians a Juh ? This is Moses good as we can do.

THE sign viz. is necessary to wit of some kinds.



A JOINT CONSULTATION
OR, HOW THE NEW CODE OF MEDICINE



T CONSULTATION;
CODE OF MEDICAL ETHICS WORKS.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

O H, the weather was fine,
 When I sailed down the Rhine;
 The sky was an orthodox blue up above us;
 And an old lady cried,
 Who sat by my side,
 " God a mercy, the paddle-wheels, how they do shove us!"

Says I to a man near by :
 " Sir, what a charming sky;
 I really know nothing to which I can liken it."
 Then he nodded his head,
 As he feelingly said:
 " Ja wohl, lieber Herr, er ist ganz ausgezeichnet."

Turning then me another way :
 " Truly, a lovely day,"
 I remarked to a blonde who could not have been blonder ;
 Whereupon she said, smiling,
 In tones quite beguiling:
 " Pardon, monsieur, mais—je ne peux pas comprendre."

Then I tackled a priest,
 Hoping Irish at least:
 " Well arranged are these pleasant green valleys towinacuss,"
 Says I to him; but,
 When his mouth came unshut,
 His rejoinder was: " Sum pauper frater Dominicus."

But a bottle of wine
 Rendered everything fine—
 Aha! though it spoke through its nose it was sensible;
 French, Italian, or German,
 Or grown with John Sherman,
 It's the wine, when it talks, that is all comprehensible.



LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNDER-GRADUATE.



APRIL 7TH.
FATHER writes that he is glad I am keeping a diary. He says it is a valuable habit, and good practice in writing. I am to bring it home vacations and show it to him that he may see what reflections are suggested to me by the studies of the college course, etc. *Mem.*—I must brace on reflections. To-day Watson tells me another painful rumor is in circulation about Higginson. It is said that his watch has come back. It is a pewter bullseye, about the size of a warming-pan, and with several coats, like

an onion. He can do all sorts of tricks with it. He can strip off the outer peels and throw the nucleus around the room without hurting it. He can touch it off in some way, with a buzz, and it will do the twenty-four hours inside a minute. It was always at the blacksmith's, however—no watchmaker would touch it—being repaired; and Watson says it cost Higginson more to keep it than it would to keep a horse. Fellows that H. owed money to were relieved to hear that he lost it at Forepaugh's menagerie last week. But it seems that he advertised it, and it was returned by a heavy man with a large foot, who had trodden on it before picking it up. It was quite flat when brought back, but Higginson paid the man a liberal reward, and is having it hammered back into shape.

APRIL 10TH.

To-day being Saturday, I was going to attend a cocking-main given by Hudson in the attic of North College, but it failed to come off. Hudson had bought four birds from Epaphroditus, the negro costermonger—the same one who was hired for five dollars by some of the fellows in Sophomore year to have an epileptic fit in the gallery of Music Hall during a temperance lecture, and was carried out howling and foaming at the mouth. The birds were secured two days in advance, and were put in Hudson's coal-closet; where, in the words of Daniel Pratt,

"The light of day
Shines but seldom, or not at all,
On the course of the awful water-fall."

It was feared that the dark might impair their gameness, and so they were removed to the garret yesterday afternoon. But one of them, which was thin, squeezed out of the coop, and appeared this morning at the attic window, where it crowed repeatedly and attracted the notice of the authorities, who confiscated the whole plant.

APRIL 13TH.

Forensic disputations this morning. A good grind on Featherstone! He had furnished a forensic to Rosenberg, whose invention is not fertile, when Rosy meekly read it through with that sweet Pennsylvania accent which secured him in Freshman year the nick-name "White-armed Nausicaa," the affable Professor of Belles Lettres remarked, "You didn't pay much for that, did you?"

APRIL 15TH.

Linonia prize debate this evening. I went in to hear Watson speak his little piece. He had read parts of it to me beforehand, and I told him he was cock-sure of first prize. The question was "Are penal colonies justifiable?" and there were some very

luscious passages in Watson's speech, in which he called Botany Bay a loathsome plague spot, a cesspool, a seething caldron of vice and a mass of festering corruption. He took only a third prize, but the fellows, most of them, thought he ought to have had the first. His language was certainly very strong.

Yesterday morning Watson was rehearsing his piece in his room. In the midst of a beautiful description of Russian convicts passing through the Ural mountains, one of his gestures upset the water-pan on the stove and spilled its contents over the feet of his chum, Dempster, who was smoking near by. The latter has since remained in his room, with bandaged feet, and Watson carries his meals to him from the club. I was telling Higginson about the accident this A.M., but he smiled knowingly and said:

"Do you really imagine that the water was hot? I have sat on Watson's stove half an hour at a time without singeing my pantaloon, and watched the low spirited thermometer in the corner trying to climb up to 65°. No; Dempster's feet are not scalded. It is all a ruse to get up a reputation for the stove, which they are trying to sell. Observe the ostentatious manner in which Watson carries the meals. It is done to provoke enquiry."

I told Watson this afternoon what Higginson had said, and he answered:

"Higginson is embittered by my exposure of his watch and his bad hats, and is, therefore, not to be trusted. If you doubt me, come and sit on the stove yourself."

APRIL 18TH.

The financial panic in the class has passed its crisis. Last term the little busy B. compiled an "Index to the Literary Magazine," which he foisted upon a reluctant public at fifty cents a copy, exacting payment in advance of publication. Pending the appearance of this valuable guide to the treasures of genius buried in the "Lit," each subscriber received a ticket entitling the holder to one copy of the "Index" as soon as it should be issued. These choses in action, being negotiable, got into circulation in the class, and were used in the payment of debts and otherwise. They began to depreciate rapidly, and were finally bought up by one speculator, and employed as poker chips by the gamblers of South College, being redeemed at eleven cents apiece, or 22 per cent. on their face value. The "Courant" now asserts that B. is trying to bull the market by threatening to issue a limited edition of the "Index," and retain five hundred copies for his own use.

APRIL 23RD.

Spring vacation to-morrow. Have been packing my trunk all the afternoon. I think, on the whole, I won't take this diary home, but will give Father my reflections on the studies of the term, etc., orally.





BIOGRAPHETTE.

XV.

HENRY BERGH.

THIS cruel persecutor was born in the Cuckoo Islands, 1832, and was descended from the Antarctic Ice Berghs, a family often mentioned by the explorer Cook. Cook drifted on the islands during a later voyage, and the Cuckoo Cooks cooked Cook. In 1867 Bergh emigrated to this City, and immediately entered upon the ferocious career for which he has since been noted. He was especially averse to the lower animals, and organized a society whose object was to prevent their being treated well by their masters. Car horses, for instance, like to pull fifteen ton cars nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, and the humane companies were kindly disposed to let them do it. The ruthless Bergh, however, compelled the abridging of three hours of pleasure to the poor brutes, until now they are only allowed about eight hours of out-door pastime. Again, nothing pleases a dog so much, during August, as to be shut up in a pound four days without food or water, and the city authorities used to please all the dogs they could lay their hands upon. The cruel Bergh interposed, and now the impounded dogs are compelled to eat loathsomely wholesome food and drink clean, cool water, and are chloroformed to the sound of hand-organs and sweet cymbals.

There is one ill-used animal, the biped, in which, the public wish Mr. Bergh would take more interest.

How many ounces go to a dog pound?

If you *will* let the children play with the chessmen, you must not complain if they turn out to be pawn-brokers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

UNION CLUBBER: If you want to have a really and truly duel, of course you must first insult him. There are two kinds of insult—the mild and the severe. By all means try the mild insult first. Walk up to your man in a swaggering, offensive way, jam your heel on his corns, pull his nose, butt him in the pit of the stomach, and then sit down on him and tell him he lies. This course, pursued with people of high temper, will usually lead up to the preliminaries of a quarrel. If it fails—try the severe method—tell him you suspect he writes verses for the *Century*, for instance.

The best weapons are swords at ten paces. Pistols loaded with butter are also reliable. The old method, by which both belligerents took a dose of cold poison, and then flipped a nickel for a stomach pump, is one said to give great satisfaction, but is somewhat dangerous.

MARK T.—We couldn't think of publishing your joke. Send it to General Cesnola for his collection of antiquities.

WILLIAM H. V.—We answer your questions *seriatim*:—(1.) No: The value of a picture is not determined by the price paid for it, but by the amount it is really worth. (2.) The artist you mention is not really an "old master" because he is 85 years of age and teaches for a living. His paintings would therefore not be valuable except from their intrinsic merit. (3.) Yes, you are quite right in going abroad and making your purchase before the heavy tariff goes into effect. Economy is the road to wealth, as you say.

HENRY B-RGH.—Your idea is certainly a good one. It is often a real pleasure for a dog to lunch off a man's leg, and as the cruel muzzle prevents this innocent pastime, your society should by all means abolish its use. Your proposition to bottail all horses to keep the flies from being annoyed by them, is equally humane.

RUTHERFORD B. H.—(1.) The proper proportion is one lemon to two glasses of Scotch whiskey. (2.) In case you see those blue monkeys with pink tails again, consult a physician. (3.) We cannot see any harm in announcing yourself as a candidate for 1884, if you have your wife's permission.

MCCOSH, of PRINCETON.—(1.) You are right. If A is blind and you straddle, you take the age until after the draw. (2.) If he opened the jack-pot it was certainly his first bet after the draw, and you had a right to raise him. The pot was therefore yours.

FREDDIE G.—(1.) He was first President of the United States. (2.) The most sensible thing to do when it rains is to come in. (3.) A primer contains the information you desire.

OLIVER W. H.—Your tender poem has been carefully filed away in the waste basket. It is too rich.

EASY INSTRUCTION FOR YOUTH.

LITTLE jobs of "water"
And grains of "salted" sand
Make the mighty fortune
For beauteous heiress-hand.

COULD the pitcher of a base-ball team be spoken of as "the power behind the thrown."

SUPERFLUOUS INFORMATION—that Peck's Bad Boy is by the author of Peck's Milwaukee Son.

LIFE's advice to young people in Massachusetts who, rich only in each other's hearts, are about to marry: "*Think of Tewksbury.*"

THE Sweet Singer of Michigan wants to die in June, like her brother poet, Bryant. When we reflect how dismally distant June is, and how fecund is the Sweet Singer, this aspiration of Julia seems like a cruel procrastination.

A SUGGESTION FOR A PICTURE.

To the Editor of LIFE :

SIR : Excuse bad English and correct bad spelling. I came from the mountains of Kentucky to New York for trading in cattle and wool, and for pleasure and seeing pictures in your paper. I bought one for the fun. Now, I write this, because I want you to do me a favor that comes in your line. It grows out of the kind of mud in the streets here. Where I live we have nothing like it, though we can brag on three or four kinds of mud when the subject comes up in earnest. For instance, there is the hill mud. The loose, flat rocks rest on it, and you just have to step on one and up go your heels, and you find yourself sliding down the mountain side faster than any sort of wheel can spin, till you bring up in the creek at the bottom. There you come to the second kind of mud. That kind is generally two feet deep, and hangs on to a fellow's foot like to pull his boot off, and at the last explodes with a loud sound. This is supposing the weather is wet. Then, third, there is the yellow mud of the dirt roads, that gets thinner and thinner for rain and travel, and splashes all over a rider and horse, which is double trouble, the horse having to be cleaned too. But I never saw any mud out in Kentucky like you have on Broadway and some other streets on a bad day. Where the black, shiny, sticky, tough, slippery stuff comes from I can't think. Does it come down with the rain, or ooze up from between the rocks? There is none when it's dry. Anyhow, there ought to be some way of keeping the streets clear of it, or else signs ought to be stuck up giving strangers warning how it is more slippery than ice. While I am writing this I am waiting for my boots and breeches to dry for brushing, all being daubed from falling in Broadway, while in a hurry to dodge stages and wagons coming at me fast and slow, in droves, both ways. My hat, too. But what I started to tell you was about three young men on Fulton street, with beaver hats and slick overcoats and women's shoes. They were crossing, one behind the other, and a-dodging the horses that were poking out their fore feet at them, like bad skaters. Without lying, just then the last of the three nice young men lost his footing, and at the same time that he lit back on his shoulders his feet struck the one ahead of him, where he couldn't see back to dislodge the blow, and he was spun backwards on to his head, too, and his legs, reaching to the first fellow, it wasn't more than half a second before all of them were sliding along



WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

Uncle Reuben : YASS, EPHRIM, BUT YO SHOULD DO AS YO IS DONE BY.
Eph : YASS, UNCLE RUBE, BUT DIS CHILE HAIN'T NEVER BEEN DONE

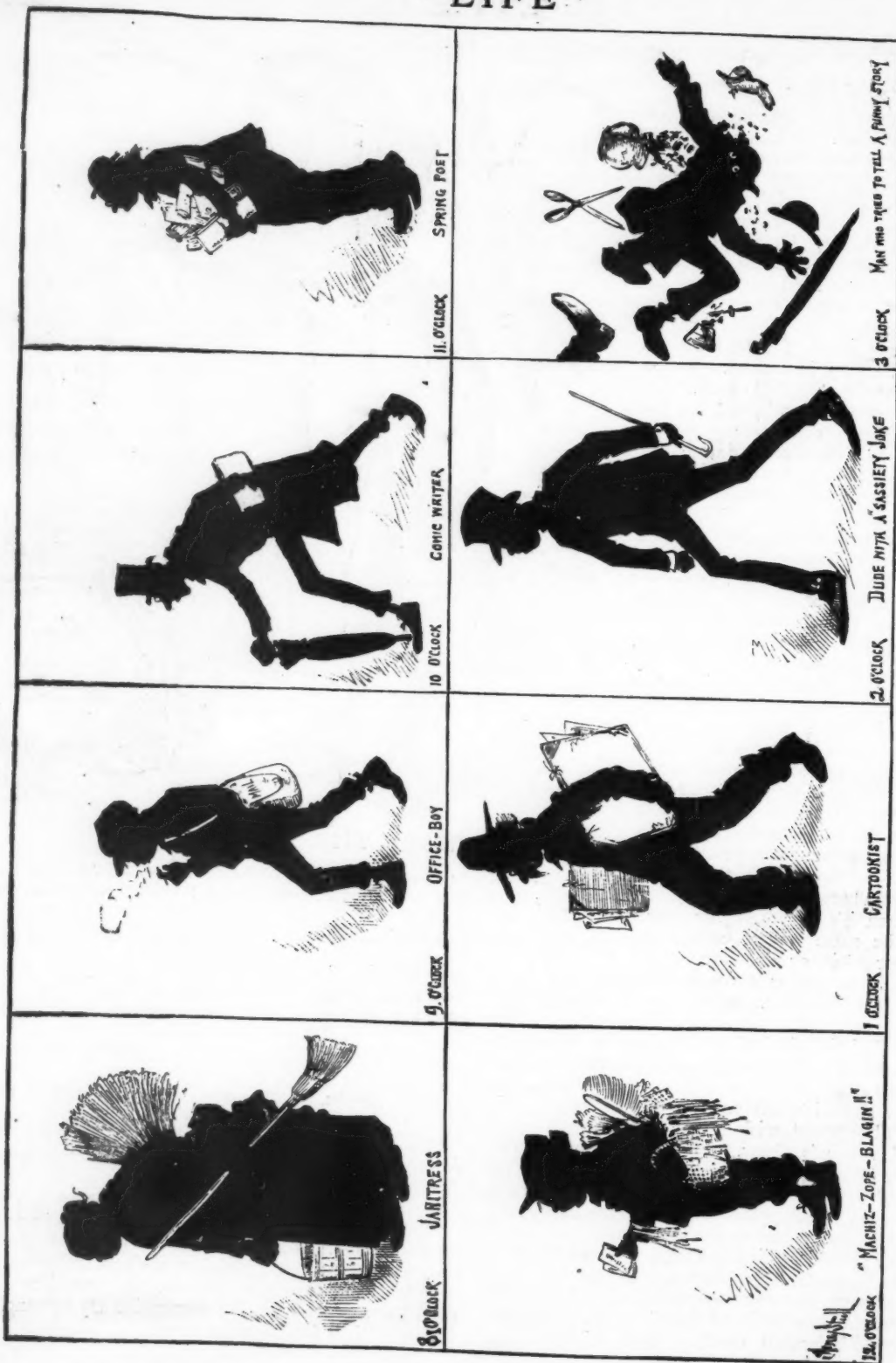
BY !

and grabbing handfuls of the mud. Now, what I want you to do, is make me a picture of these three young men and the mud to take back with me to Kentucky.

Truly yours,
SIMON MENIFIC.

Now the base-ball season has set in with its usual severity in our American institutions of learning, "Fielding" is a most seasonable title for a book. Unfortunately it is only a volume of the English Men of Letters series by Austin Dobson.

"SCIENCE in Short Chapters" is a newly Imported English book. For the American market it lacks a chapter on Scientific Humor, or the Extraction of Merry Jest from the Bent Pin, the Upturned Tack, the Aggressive Stove-pipe, the Expensive Oyster and the Chicago Girl's Broad-guage Foot.



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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."
—[St. Paul to the Fenians IV., II, 44.]

MIGHT not the Keely motor be termed a stationary engine.

VERMONT has two female mail carriers. It is a handy way of getting all the freshest news when the newspapers are delayed.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

A DETROIT FREE PRESS correspondent says he wrote a column letter "by the glare of the lightning." Jersey lightning, probably.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

AN Irishman, seeing a Dude emerge from Delmonico's the other night, exclaimed:—"Oi say, come down out of that—will yez, from under th' hat. Maybe ye think oi can't see the legs of yez a danglin down."

TONY PASTOR has just paid \$68,000 for a residence in New York. Very few pastors can afford so expensive a luxury, but, then, few pastors have so large a flock.—*Boston Transcript*.

"We know thee, gentle spring," sings a poet. Indeed, but this poet would be a good fellow to take along at a masquerade. He could penetrate almost any disguise.—*Portland Transcript*.

AN old lady was asked her opinion about Mrs. Smith, her next-door neighbor. "Well," she said, "I am not the one to speak ill of anybody, but I feel very sorry for Mr. Smith."—*Portland Transcript*.

"Is the howling of a dog always followed by a death?" asked a little girl of her father. "Not always, my dear; sometimes the man that shoots at the dog misses him," was the parent's reply.—*Denver Tribune*.

HUMAN bones have been found in the debris of the old post-office in New York. They are supposed to be the remains of people who were reckless enough to bother the stamp clerk who was reading the last novel.—*Philadelphia News*.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that a something called a "Dude" has appeared in New York, and is the subject of much comment. Our correspondent must be mistaken. If a Dude had appeared in New York the newspapers would have said something about it.—*Norristown Herald*.

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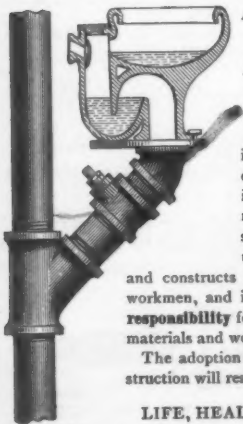
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